THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., NOVEMBER, 1876. NO. 2.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows:

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott], German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy [Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Torrey], Natural Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

There are also valuable Libraries belonging to the Philomathesian and Philadelphian Societies.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has all the more important English and American periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

A well appointed Laboratory, with a separate desk for each student, furnishes unusual facilities for the study of Chemistry.

In Botany and Geology numerous expeditions into the surrounding country are organized. In Botany, each student is required to prepare a herbarium containing at least seventy-five specimens, and a prize is offered for the largest and best collection.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments, These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

CALENDAR.

1877.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	June 24.
	Examination for Admission,	June 25.
	Alumni Day,	June 26.
	Commencement,	June 27.
	College year begins	Sept. 6.

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CALENDAR FOR 1876-7:

FALL TERM begins Aug. 21; closes Nov. 24.
WINTER TERM begins Dec. 4; closes March 9.
SPRING TERM begins March 19; closes June 8.

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The Undergraduate.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., NOVEMBER, 1876. NO. 2.

TO M. M.

IN AN ALBUM.

I wonder if to steal a kiss
From off a pretty maiden's lips—
To snatch away huge draughts of bliss,
Or woo it off in dainty sips—
Be any such a horrid sin
As straight folks wish to make it out;
Methinks they want to take us in,
Or else don't know what they're about.

To persons of a dullish mind,
Or girls not of the pretty kind,
It may, perhaps, seem somewhat queer
That I should write such rubbish here;
But, *belle amie*, to you I fain
Would think the reason must be plain.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POETICAL TRANSLATION.

II. THE POINTS IN THE WORK.

First, the *sense*. The translator must above and before all else be able to render correctly the rough, external sense of the language of the poem which he is to translate. And not only this, but he must be able to make changes and inversions both in the arrangement of words and expressions, and of even whole clauses and stanzas. Sometimes, too, he will be obliged to form new combinations of figures and ideas so that he may thereby the better perform the remainder of his work. In order to do this, he must obviously have a closely familiar acquaintance with the grammar, as well as with the vocabulary and genius, of the language out of which the translation is to be made, and of the one into which he makes it. He must know exactly the signification of every word, both as a mere vocable, and in its various conjunctions. This knowledge is of course the very first qualification needed, for without it he will be unable to translate simple prose, letting alone the soul of poetry, and the difference between the two is vast. Having it, however, he will then be in condition to proceed understandingly with the real task before him; for the acquisition of a full knowledge of the meaning of the original is only the beginning of his work. So much with regard to the plain, rugged, literal sense. Now we come to an equally important, but much more delicate matter, viz:

Secondly, the *spirit*. In rendering a poem into simple, literal prose, it will usually be found that although the bare sense is indeed brought out, yet there is wanting something which the original poem possessed—some characteristic flavor or essence; and this it is which constitutes the spirit, the soul, of the poem. It is this, too, which makes the very sharpest distinction between true poetry and mere rhyme or verse. Every poem must have its own peculiar spirit, for there is no poetry without it; and if it is so very hard to transfer it to prose, it is plain that it must be much more difficult to infuse it out of one language and into a poetical dress in another, especially when there are so many other matters requiring attention at the same time. The translator must seize upon this spirit and reproduce it as far as its anomalous nature will allow, else his translation will be a failure; for the spirit is the most subtle quality of them all to re produce, and any one who can succeed in its re production will scarcely fail to make an excellent translation. But the spirit is very hard to catch, as has already been said, and of course one who cannot himself fully grasp and appreciate it, need have no hope to interpret it to others. If Taine, for instance, had fully comprehended Shakspeare, would he ever, knowing the exact sense, and comprehending the point and spirit, both of the prose and poetical passages, have said of the peerless bard, that his clowns amuse

no more, that his word-play is offensive, and his metaphors unintelligible? Surely, if it be so, it is the fault of him who reads and not of him who wrote, and certainly, no man of M. Taine's ability, but whose mother tongue was English, and who hence could grasp the fullest, finest force of the poet's words, could ever have made an assertion so very far from truth.

Thirdly, the *metre*. After having caught the sense and mastered the spirit, the translator's attention will then be naturally turned to the measure of the verse. This part of the work is perhaps the one which presents the least difficulty, ordinarily, to its successful accomplishment. For any one can write metrically who has carefully studied the laws of versification, and there are scores of persons able to strike off whole cantos of measured prose, who are yet incapable of appreciating or enjoying the beauties of true poetry. It is usually best to preserve in the translation the original metres, especially in ballad and lyric poetry. But this it will sometimes be found impossible, or at least unadvisable to do. This is owing to the fact that the nature and genius of the different languages are so widely dissimilar that the one will stoutly resist if not successfully oppose the domestication of its metres into the other. This is notably true of the measures of the Greeks and Latins, whose metres seem to cherish a violent and natural hostility towards modern languages. The heroic hexameter, for instance, looks with unswerving hostility upon every attempt to make it a home in the English tongue, and even despite the wooing of a Longfellow it still persists in its refusal to be won. It is almost, or indeed entirely unknown to all the modern continental languages, except only the German, to which it seems to have its one single partiality in these latter days. This circumstance is probably to be accounted for by the fact that the German, more than any other language of to-day, resembles the tongues of Greece and Rome in its ponderosity, in its facility for forming compounds, but above all, in the exactness and complexity of its grammatical system. Centuries ago this measure was, it is true, introduced into and to some extent employed in both the French and Spanish, and in the latter language, three or four of the old romances regarding the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne were written in the hexameter. But it gained no further foothold there; and having come it refused to stay, and after a few impotent attempts at naturalization, departed whence it came. However, our modern languages possess sufficient metres of their own, and generally this part of the work will not present any serious obstacle to one who is capable of overcoming the remaining difficulties of the translation.

Fourthly, the *rhyme*. The next thing requiring the attention after the matter of the metre is the rhyme, which in the reproduction should be as close an imitation as possible. That is to say, the rhyming verses of the translation should generally correspond to those of the original poem, although from outside considerations it may sometimes be necessary or at least advisable to change the scheme either entirely or in part. Here there is presented something of a difficulty, and indeed it is a somewhat harder and more delicate piece of work which the translator has now to undertake, than the same part in the hands of the original writer. While the poet himself may write on unrestrained, as accident or fancy or the muse may please, with nothing to hinder him except that just so often words must rhyme and accents fall; while he may change or modify the current of his thoughts as often as he will, or as convenience may dictate, the translator, on the contrary, has no such freedom. He is tied down to what already is; he is strictly confined within certain limits, and beyond these he cannot go. There are given him certain existing ideas and conceits to reproduce, and these he cannot modify or alter in the slightest. While careful to preserve the other qualities of the poem, he must wrench and torture out of the given language, ideas that are exactly identical to those expressed therein. These ideas again, he will have to turn and twist into every shape imaginable, in order to translate the rhyme as well as the reason. Sometimes this work of the re-

production of the rhyme will be found to be the very easiest and sometimes the very hardest part of the translator's task.

Fifthly and finally, the *rythm*. The last and, with the exception of the spirit, the most subtle and elusive of all the qualities of the poem is the melodious onward movement of the verse known as the rythm. It is a very bashful and intangible quality indeed, and the capacity for rythmic writing is so absolutely necessary to the poetic art that poetry without it is merely metred prose. A poem that is lacking in either the spirit or the rythm is like a man deprived of sense, a body without a soul. Being so inherently indispensable in the true poem, it must, of course, be faithfully carried over into the translation. But although so dainty and nice a quality itself, it will not present the same difficulty to the accomplishment of the work in a successful way that some of the others do. Indeed, when all the others are adequately rendered, it will very frequently be found that this one comes with them of itself. This graceful, smooth-flowing movement which constitutes the rythm, is almost inseparable from correctly and artistically measured verse; and wherever such verse is composed of beautiful sentiments, dressed in the garb of beautiful language, there, always, will rythm be surely found.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF MISS MULOCK'S NOVELS.

The popularity of Miss Mulock's works is well deserved. A book often wins favor from many readers not from its intrinsic worth, but because it is from the pen of some popular writer. But this is not true in reference to Miss Mulock's works. Whatever praise they have won has been well deserved.

The *character* that is woven into every one, the *moral tone* that pervades all she has written, has had great influence in gaining the favor with which they have been received. The pompous and extravagant expressions which mar so many works are never found in her productions.

Her simple, home-like style, smacking neither of pedantry nor of ignorance, wins at once the reader's approval. Her object is not to write what will simply amuse or what is altogether didactic in its character, but to blend the two. In her leading works she has happily succeeded in this respect. The reader, while amused and interested, learns the greatest lesson an author can teach—the worth of honesty and integrity of character.

Her works were not written for fame, yet they are popular. Often it happens, as in her case, that what has been written with some moral aim in view has been eminently successful, while works written for fame or for money have usually been complete failures.

Her novels are for the most part true to life. In this respect she has been eminently fortunate, more fortunate even than some who are the most popular writers of fiction. In her works we find few if any of those wild, inordinate expressions which the most credulous cannot believe. The most careful critic can find but little that he could call fanciful or extravagant.

The finest work of the painter is totally ruined by a faulty stroke of the brush, and with equal certainty an unnatural expression will destroy the whole beauty and harmony of the novelist's plot. Miss Mulock's great works are not marred by this common blunder, for it is plainly a blunder, and a grievous one.

Dickens has given us faithful representations of life in its lowest and most degrading forms, but Miss Mulock has portrayed with equal accuracy a noble life—a life devoted to the interest of others. Dickens wrote of low life that he might expose its hollowness and lead others to shun it. Miss Mulock wrote of the higher life that she might emphasize its beauty and worth and that she might impress upon us the fact that trickery and cunning are not necessary to success.

The interest which the careful reader is sure to have in her works, the sympathy with which the success of the principal character is followed, is sure evidence that the lesson she teaches is not an immoral one.

But perhaps what impresses us most is the author's individuality, which she has not attempted to conceal. We can find evidence of this in nearly all that she has written. This, above all, is what gives character and tone to what she writes. It is this that adds vivacity and brilliancy. It is this which gives strength and force to what she writes and makes her works conducive to sound thinking, and which distinguishes them from the idle and useless jingle of some of our story-tellers.

The freedom and ease with which she writes, and the earnestness with which she gives herself up to her work, all are prominent features. She has been fortunate in the selection of her plots, covering a wide range of thought, and thus the reader is led to decide for himself on questions of the greatest moment.

THE VALUE OF THE TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Reading is, perhaps, the most used, yet the most abused of all the advantages that civilization has given to us. The art of writing is superior to all the other fine arts. A sculptor or a painter or an engraver may delight and benefit a select audience, but it is only an author whose influence may be world-wide. His grand thoughts and beautiful fancies may be breathed forth in every language and by every tongue, and may become a common property to all.

On account of this wide expanse of literature, from students of every kin and every clime comes up the cry, How shall we read to the best advantage?

This is a broad subject and needs great discrimination in its treatment, for there may be as many ways to read advantageously as there are readers. Notwithstanding this, there are points to which all should turn their attention.

The value of the table of contents will first occupy our thought. The great trouble is not generally that too little is read by students, but that too little is read to the purpose. We go over much useless ground to get at what we want.

One day a professor in a New England college was in a public library in Boston. She was looking over volume after volume eagerly studying their tables of contents. It chanced that Longfellow was in at the same time, and had a slight acquaintance with her. Observing her some time at her work he came up and, after the usual salutations, remarked, "My good madame, you are almost the only person I have ever met who rightly understands the art of reading. We find many who plod through volume after volume, and even then do not get the information they are after; while if they would only make a diligent study of the table of contents they could make direct reference to just what they need."

This point is very often overlooked, especially by young readers, however zealous they may be. The table of contents has a dry aspect, and, in a manner very characteristic of youth, we hasten directly into the midst of the book, having for our guide reasonless curiosity, which has had the reputation all along the ages of being a most deceitful coquette.

Nothing could be so much to our own disadvantage. A careful study of the table of contents gives a bird's-eye view of the whole matter in hand; the reader may see the connection and the relations of the several sections and chapters. It is an index finger pointing the way, like the old New England guide-board.

The reader is in the position of a traveler in a wilderness of woods. He stands on an eminence and carefully notes the bearings of his course before he plunges into the labyrinth of trees and rivers, lest he may be overwhelmed in his ignorance and wander along to no purpose.

We take the subjects in which we are interested and make them the focus of our reading. By a careful study of the table of contents all superfluous reading will be avoided, and the most difficult subject may speedily and handsomely be brought under our control, and then we have them ready for any circumstances that may call them forth.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, NOVEMBER, 1876.

EDITORS:

A. T. STAPLETON '77, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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EDITORIAL.

To THE charge of having read the proof of the preceding paper, we eagerly put in for our plea, *not guilty.* Circumstances rendered it inconvenient for us to do the work at the proper time, and so we let out the job. If we had chartered a blind man to do the work he could scarcely have done worse than to permit the substitution of "hatchers" for "feathers," "spell" for "spree," "visage" for "vigor," etc., etc. And moreover, we utterly repudiate all such things as superfluous *e*'s and redundant *to*'s, and disclaim all responsibility for words misspelled and points misplaced. Hereafter we hope to have an eye to these concerns ourself, and if we then are much in fault, pray give us all the gall.

IT would be hard indeed to make our Wednesday afternoon exercises more dull and uninteresting than they now ordinarily are, and it would be very easy, with proper effort, to make them much more entertaining and profitable. The plain truth is that the students as a general thing make no attempt to do anything in this department of their work. Their only wish, apparently, is to have it done and over with. They go upon the stage with declamations half committed, or with orations hastily and consequently poorly written, and hence they very naturally neither please themselves nor anybody else. They blunder through their task in a sadly miserable manner, and frequently after making a sorry exhibition of themselves for a while they will break down or fail entirely. It is useless to deny that this is so; we have seen it done time and again. And the blame all lies with the students; no one else is at fault. To the students then we make complaint, and ask that they shall right this wrong. If this were something that could not easily be done, there might be some excuse for the present state of affairs; but that is not at all the case. It will only need a certain limited amount of individual effort, and the thing is done. We appeal to the students generally to make that effort. We appeal not in behalf of ourself alone, but in behalf also of every person who is compelled by the institution's laws to sit in the Chapel week after week on Wednesday afternoons and listen to the dribble often uttered there. It is sometimes little less than torture, and we desire to see it changed. Shall not the change be made? There is no reason in the world why it should not. Let the students all bear a hand, and each one do his part. To those who have to speak declamations, we pray in the name of suffering humanity that they will select something that has previously been rendered somewhat less than on every Wednesday of the college year. It is also desirable that a declamation should be learned before it is spoken. Frequently an attempt is made, as we have said, to do away with this necessity, but such attempts are usually disastrous. And of those who are to deliver orations we beg that they will first write the oration and then commit it to memory. But before they write, let them choose an interesting theme. It will not be difficult then to write an interesting oration. When this is done, we shall no longer see the students reading during this exercise, or sprawling wearily and listlessly about

upon the benches. When this is done, the eye and ear of every student will then, as now in certain cases, be given to the person speaking. We hope the time will soon arrive, for then indeed would be the golden age of student life in Middlebury College.

To THE men of Middlebury College, whether of high or low degree, if they be but endowed with brains, we hereby offer chance to win renown. There is to this good paper a department of four pages' space, denominated "literary," and this department literary was primarily designed to be a fit receptacle for gems of student thought. Such was the original design; such likewise is the design to-day. With a view to the fulfillment of that design, we ask for contributions. Ask? Nay, we cry, we beg, we *pray* for contributions. If there be any in this college who aspire to win distinction in the literary line, we give them now a splendid opportunity. If they will only write an essay we shall see that it is published, though this would not be brought about more than one time out of ten if they should offer their productions to other publications. This, of course, would be no sign of lack of merit, for everybody knows that publishers ere now have frequently refused their necessary meed of ink and paper to many of the finest written things. Again, these same publishers have been often known to give to the world in vellum and calf, vast volumes of worthless stuff, written by men whose time had been much better spent in hoeing corn or chopping wood. Now, we do not purpose to give undue encouragement by citation of this latter fact, nor do we wish by any means to bring discouragement to those who may be capable of writing good and worthy matter. We simply state the case as it evidently is. Time, to be sure, has hitherto usually set things right, and given to every writer of the past the place he justly merits. But time is lazy in such matters, and there are few who wish to wait his laggard will. Pray, then, do not delay until you sally out upon the world, but hand us in at once the products of your hours of thought and inspiration, and whether it be good or bad we guarantee its publication.

The plain truth is, we want assistance. We want articles for the literary department, and the more we can get the better we'll be pleased. We have said that we should publish good and bad alike, but this we agree to do only on the supposition that enough that is good is not contributed. We should very well like a chance to make selections, and indeed it is known to all that it would be the ruin of any and every magazine and literary paper in the land if they were compelled to print the whole of the stuff that is sent to them for publication, but a great part of which is usually assigned to grace the waste-basket and feed the fire. We are sorry that we cannot be so dainty, but it is not our fault. We know no way of selecting unless there be something from which selections may be made. We hope this something may be furnished, however, and at once. Shall our appeal be useless and in vain? We hope not. We hope that it will draw out articles and talent. We hope there are numbers who are ready at the call to write themselves into THE UNDERGRADUATE and into fame. And in deed who knows but that our call may bring to light some Addison, Macaulay, or some Steele, who as yet is lurking hidden and unhonored in our midst?

WE hope and presume that our Freshmen friends will not be much offended or take it in the smallest part amiss if, looking down from the proud and happy height of Senior year, we shall take it on ourselves unasked to give to them a few brief words of counsel and advice before they have proceeded farther in their course. We are sure we do it without any egotistic feelings and in no spirit of supposed superiority, but simply as one who has travelled over a rough and toilsome road himself, and who hence is in position to direct his aftercomers through the dangers of the way. Eagerly, then, but still with some concern, we undertake the task. If from those to whom they are addressed our words shall

meet approval, of course we shall be pleased thereat: if there are any persons on whose ears they strike with harshness and discordantly, we beg that they will shut their ears in courtesy and let them pass in peace. Our purpose is to give good counsel; and if no desirable end is gained thereby, we also know that there can be no damage done. Therefore, in either case we shall have no reason for regret, and shall at least deserve the credit of a good intention.

There are probably but a very few students who come to college with any other purpose ahead than that of acquiring knowledge and gaining culture. Those who come without such end in view should be sent back to their parents without delay, and frequently this is done. There are many others, however, who start out in their college journey at first with intentions and aspirations the best in the world, but who afterwards permit themselves to be distracted from their work by outside considerations and matters foreign to the object for which they came to college. They glide undesignedly and imperceptibly into this course, and instead of giving their college work the first place in their thoughts, come now to hold it not even in secondary consideration. When at last they discover where they are, they find to their dismay that to recover their lost footing will cost a struggle so great as practically to be beyond their powers. It is like a lifelong drunkard trying to give up the beloved bottle; it takes a mighty conflict, and yet it may be done. It is better, however, to keep at all times out of the ditch. How this may best be done, we shall now proceed to show.

The student must always bear in mind that his business in college is to study. We have known students who had seemingly lost sight of this fact. But though studying is his first and chiefest business, it is possible to study too much—much too much. It is useless to attempt to learn everything in four years of time. There is an old Latin couplet, somewhere quoted, ascribed to some nameless monk of the middle ages, which reads as follows:

"Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo;
Sic homo fit doctus, non vi, sed sæpe studendo."

To save the Freshmen from the toil and trouble of translating this, and so that they may keep their wits unclouded for their Livy, we will tell them what the couplet signifies. It means that just as water wears away the rock by constantly falling, and not by force, so a man becomes learned, not at a bound or all of a sudden, but by steady, faithful study. But of study, as of other good things, we have already said that it is possible to have too much. One should master the ideas of his author, but all study beyond that point is folly and an injury for which even the name of leading a class is scarcely compensation. One's time will be much better spent in general reading than in learning lessons word for word. Students, however, are rather inclined to spend too little time in study than too much; and probably it is better to study a lesson till we know the text by heart than to depend on inspiration altogether. But a true balance is easily struck, and one need have no trouble to study just enough.

There are some who come to college who hold themselves in extraordinary estimation, and seem to think that their little lordships should be reverenced by all of humbler origin and style. These, though not designing to neglect their studies, yet are constantly seeking the society of the young ladies, and generally he who neglects his studies and he who cultivates the girls is apt to be identical. But one should not eschew society, any more than he should cut his books. Sufficient time should be given to each and not too much to either. It is difficult, however, to find the proper mean, and most students are given to regard too much femininity as far less dangerful than too much logic. This is probably a mistake, and not infrequently has been so proven.

Gentlemen of the Freshmen class, beware! Remember that it is possible to have all the knowledge that the books contain and yet be nothing better than a fool; remember, too, that one may stand quite high in favor with the girls, and still be little better than another. It takes a fellow of talents and parts to excel in both directions. Remember, we beg of you, that the girls usually look upon Freshmen as some ridiculous freak of nature—something to be noticed only to be laughed at. Keep all these things in mind, and they in turn will keep you out of trouble.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

What I know about potato bugs.

Are we to have any more "Chips?"

Prof. Webber has gone back on us this time sure.

"No students are permitted to teach this Winter."

Pres. Hulbert occupied the Congregational pulpit last Sabbath.

The weather is very suggestive of hot "Thomas and Jeremiah."

Extemporaneous speeches on the college stage are getting to be the rage.

'80 is said to rule with a rod of iron which Sophomore muscle cannot break.

Senior Stimson has been to Rochester to attend a convention of the Delta Upsilon Society.

Those wishing to teach this winter will be obliged to drop into a lower class in consequence.

Junior and Senior soliloquy; "If ever I lend my cane to a Freshman again, may I be 'blowed.'"

"Wasn't it pitiful, that in a whole city full, friends he had none?" but he didn't drown worth a cent.

Why do the Freshmen refrain from carrying canes? Was that little episode in the Chapel too much for them?

The Senior debates this term are "*stupendously*" interesting, giving evidence of long hours of careful *research.*

Why will some of the natives down town persist in speaking of the second class in college as the "South more" class?

All were convinced after the hunt was over, that over much confidence, like too much "cheek," always results fatally.

The college prayer meeting is to be held Tuesday instead of Friday evening, to accommodate the Choral Society.

Oh ye fair damsels, beware how ye receive the attentions of fascinating Juniors, or your mothers will *write for you to come home!*

The Senior class were honored by some lady visitors at one of their Shaksperian Readings a few days since. We hope they were edified.

We are glad that the "Chip and Hungry" parties have not been given up entirely. The first one of the term passed off very pleasantly indeed the other evening.

Professor.—Please mention another peculiarity of Reptiles. Student.—Why, Sir, you see you have to kill the pesky beasts seven or eight times before they're dead.

A Soph lately returned from Philadelphia entertained his friends by a glowing account of the animals he saw in the "Theological" garden. Suppose they were *wolves* in *sheep's* clothing.

The college meeting to make arrangements for the College hunt, was enlivened by a little fracas between the Sophs and Freshies. Considerable sport, but no harm done. Three cheers for '80!

All Hallow eve was celebrated by an ineffectual effort to fasten up the chapel. And now the tree by which they gained access to the forbidden sanctuary has been removed, so we may expect quiet and order in the future.

It was at a college supper. The waiter, after whispering conspiringly with a waggish diner, slyly and suddenly set a large goblet brimming full of *milk* before a certain Freshman's plate. The house all roared, and the bashful Freshman blushed.

Isn't it a little too hard on the Prof. who perhaps has been kept awake all the previous night, heaving boots at that cat in the back yard, to meet his enemy in his table drawer in recitation room next morning? Those Freshies again!

We are pleased to notice the changed appearance of the walks in the campus. Since improvements are in order, why can't we have the well made to serve a better purpose than of mere ornament? Better a new well than typhoid fever.

The oft-heard cry of fire resounded through the campus the other evening, and the fire-fiend was found by the credulous amusing himself by consuming a pile of old rubbish back of the chapel. "Shoot those Freshies," was the universal verdict.

We were pleased to see the announcement that our friend Daniel Pratt, G. A. T., spoke at a Republican meeting in New York recently. With such an array of talent on their side as Daniel Pratt and Prof. Rose, the Republicans cannot fail to carry Vermont in November.

The annual college hunt passed off without accident. The only count worthy of particular mention was made by an entomological Senior, being twenty-four hundred potato bugs. Lo, the mighty minded! Mine host Smith furnished the supper, which was very excellent.

Prof. Rose came up the other day expressly to examine the Freshies' heads. He said the scarcity of the capillary substance on the summits of their craniums was an infallible indication that there were vacant apartments in the upper story. He said the lack of hair might be attributed to the deleterious inroads of certain chronological specimens.

Several of the students have just returned from the Centennial. The adventures of some of them are quite amusing, especially of the Soph. who lost his baggage, was swindled out of his money, got into

some scrape at his boarding house—which we don't like to mention—and to cap the climax was carried off on the wrong train on his way home. Also of the Senior who got lost while returning from some gilt-edged place of amusement, and wandered about all night trying to find his boarding house, etc., etc.

PERSONALS.

The Alumni are requested to forward any information relative to former students at Middlebury which it may chance to be in their power to furnish.

'26. Rev. M. M. Post died at Logansport, Ind., on Oct. 11.

'38. Rev. Asa Farwell is pastor of the Congregational church at Ashland, Nebraska.

'39. John G. Saxe is still quite sick.

'42. Rev. Asborn Myrick is the pastor of a Congregational church in Middletown, ~~Ct.~~ Vt.

'67. George Lawrence of Rutland, has just been married.

'72. Rev. Kerr C. Anderson is preaching in Milwaukee.

'72. Horace Nichols is at home for a vacation.

'72. Rev. E. L. Walker was in attendance on the meetings of the Ministerial Association of the Burlington district held at Vergennes, Oct. 23, 24 and 25.

'74. G. G. Ryan has been given a professorship in Claverack College, N. Y.

'74. B. P. Sparrow is clerk of the Criminal Court at Washington, D. C.

'74. C. C. Gove is principal of Westport academy, N. Y.

'75. L. D. Bragg is studying theology at the Boston University.

'76. E. H. Baxter is principal of the High School at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

'76. W. I. Brown has charge of the classical department of Kelley's Military school at Rutland.

'76. G. F. B. Willard is teaching at Whitehall, Greene Co., Illinois.

'76. W. H. Remele has entered the Theological Seminary at ~~Oberlin, Ohio.~~ Yale.

'77. B. M. Weld has just returned from the Centennial.

'77. C. B. Warner, A. W. Lamb and N. H. Munsill are now at the Exposition.

'77. H. P. Stimson was the delegate from the Middlebury Chapter to the convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, held at Rochester, N. Y.

'78. F. H. Leavenworth died of typhoid fever on Sunday, Oct. 15.

'78 F. Hamilton represented the Middlebury Chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society at the convention recently held with the Williams College Chapter.

'78. C. B. Goodrich is teaching at Stowe, this state.

'79. E. R. Brainerd and H. W. Hulbert are in Philadelphia.

'80. Harry Boice has gone to and Will Sheldon has returned from the Centennial.

NOTES.

The *College Mercury* ought to grow somewhat both in size and interest. Come, now, Racine, brace up, brace up!

The Irving *Union* is a neatly printed paper, in no way remarkable, except for too much poetry of the perishable kind. Won't the *Union* folks please give us something to read?

The editor of the *Olio* writes about politics with great good sense, and without descending to partisanship of any description. Some of our other exchanges might learn a wholesome lesson from the *Olio* in this respect.

The *Bowdoin Orient* pays its respects rather curtly and incisively to the thing printed at Burlington and supposed by its managers to be a journal. The *Orient* gives us a very good translation of the 28th Idyl of Theocritus.

The fault of a too great muchness of poetry is also to be found with the University *Press*, as well as with the *Union*. If this paper will give us a little less politics, a little less poetry, and a little more of something else, it will be a vast improvement.

A writer in the Rochester *Campus* jumps confidently into the complications of the "Eastern Question," and it can only be said, if the truth is told, that his illumination increases the darkness. The literary department of the paper is generally well written.

If the author of the poem entitled "There is a God," in the Oberlin *Review*, will only consent to wait awhile, we think there is a possibility that he may yet become a poet—especially if he lives long enough. As for the present poem, it plainly bears evidence of youth.

The author of the "poem in many languages" printed in the *Herald*, of Rochester University, may be assured that the production was scarcely worth his trouble. But the *Herald* itself is an excellent paper, particularly in the editorial department. It is one of the very few college journals whose editorials we can read without getting disgusted or becoming convinced that we are wasting time.

In the Tufts *Collegian* for October there is an interesting and well-written essay on the play of "Henry the Eighth," which the writer thinks ought to have been called "Queen Catherine." The edltor is not far out of tne way in some of his remarks concerning the study of political science in our colleges.

PLUNDER.

It has been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that a Freshman can't climb a door while two Sophomores hold his legs.—*Ex.*

Among its *exchange* notes the *University Press* publisher several similar to the following: "The Williams college boat club has withdrawn from the intercollegiate rowing association."

Quite a number of students visited the White Mountains, Saturday, on the cheap excursion. It was rather a "grind," their being mistaken for *railroad hands* at the Fabyan House.—*Ex.*

In a class in Anabasis the other dry, half a dozen had tried to read a certain passage and failed. At last one read in triumph, "And another got up and showed the foolishness of those who had preceded him."—*Ex.*

Fresh. on the ball ground.—A ball is thrown to first base and hits a runner in the middle of the back. Fresh jumps up and excitedly exclaims, "Gosh! that's an awful place to hit a fellow, right square on the *liver*." Fact.—*Ex.*

Senior discussing metaphysics with young lady—"Now see here Miss ——, don't you suppose you would exist just the same if I were not here?" *Ans.* (sweetly) "I would try to, sir." '77 proceeds meditatively to wipe off his chin.—*Ex.*

A professor was expostulating with a student for his idleness, when the latter said: "It's of no use; I was cut out for a a loafer." "Well," declared the professor, surveying the student critically, "whoever cut you out understood his business."—*Ex.*

A Chinaman's teeth began to chatter over the ice-cream. He buttoned up his jacket and swallowed another mouthful. That settled it. He jumped from the table and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming: "Whoopie! plenty cold grub! No cooked nuff! Fleeze belly all same like in wagon."—*Ex.*

The Sophomores were recently regaled with a disquition on Shakspeare. The sacred precincts of his domestic life were invaded, and with powerful hand the genius of Venus and Adonis was stripped of its mask. Imagine our orator's chagrin as the stern Prof. said: "Next time you choose a simpler subject."—*Press.*

A Freshman thinks that large pile of cord-wood ought to have a card stuck up over it with the inscription, "Take one."—*Orient.*

The Freshmen at Middlebury usually seem to get the idea that there really *is* some such label pasted upon the long rows of wood which stand between Painter Hall and the Chapel during each successive winter. It is said, too, that they frequently take the hint.

DELTA UPSILON FRATERNITY.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with sadness that we are compelled to announce the death of our dear friend and brother, FRANCIS ABEL LEAVENWORTH, who for two years has walked hand in hand with us. Richly endowed, with sympathy for all, he quickly found his way to the hearts of all his friends, and gladdened our ways by his genial presence.

His was a life of earnest purpose, of modest inquiry and untiring zeal; a dutiful and loving son, an admired and sympathizing brother, a faithful and devoted friend, and a humble follower of Him who spoke as never man spake.

While we recognize in this affliction the hand of an All-wise, Just and Infinite God, we sincerely mourn the departure of our beloved brother, and tender our heartfelt sympathies to the family and friends of the deceased.

Hall of the Middlebury Chapter.
Oct. 16, 1876.

——:o:——

The following are the resolutions of the class of '78, passed upon the death of Classmate F. A. LEAVENWORTH:

Whereas, Our beloved friend and classmate, FRANCIS ABEL LEAVENWORTH, who for the past two years has been associated with us in that peculiar bond of friendship which only exists between members of the same class, has been removed from our midst by the hand of an All-wise and Loving Father,

Resolved, That in the death of our classmate we are called upon to mourn the loss of a true and worthy friend, whose love of the right made him a blessing to all who knew him.

Resolved, That we tender to the sorrowing friends our heartfelt sympathy in this our common bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the UNDERGRADUATE and the Middlebury and Randolph papers.

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"Ils [other geographies.—ED.] dérivent tous du type créé par M. ARNOLD GUYOT. Ce savant, dont le dernier 'Atlas Physical Geography' rappelle dignement le premier ouvrage, la Terre et l'Homme, a senti que la géographie avait besoin d'être comprise plus encore qu'apprise; il s'est appliqué à donner l'intelligence des grands lois de la nature à ses élèves, et à inspirer par là le sentiment de l'harmonie que préside à l'arrangement du monde; rendant l'enseignement élevé et interessant par des vues générales, en même temps que simple et accessible à des enfants, il est devenu le créateur d'une méthode féconde.... La méthode la plus suivie ou du moins la plus originale est celle de M. ARNOLD GUYOT. Elle se fonde, comme la méthode qui débute par la commune, sur la facilité qu'ont les enfants de comprendre et de retenir par la vue; elle évite les définitions abstraites et la nomenclatures, et mettant à profit les scénes de la nature, tempêtes, cascades, paysages de forêts, les travaux des hommes tels que chasse, labourage, ou les lois élémentaires de la physique du globe, vent, hiver, elle intéresse par des images que le maitre accompagne de descriptions, sans s'attacher précisément à décrire le lieu qu'il habite. Ces deux méthodes sont rationelles et bien préférable à celle qui consiste à faire apprendre par cœur, au début une longue série de définitions abstraites sur les termes géographiques, et à continuer par des séries de noms propres, mers, iles, villes, etc., sans commentaire; si l'on ajoute, ce que tous les auteurs de géographie blâment, mais ce que certains membres pratiquent, sans carte, on arrive à faire de la géographie, qui est par elle-même attrayante, l'enseignement le plus fastidieux et le plus sterile.....

"Je termine cette revue par les États-Unis. Nous y retrouvons M. GUYOT, qui accomplit dans la cartographie murale la même révolution que dans le reste de l'enseignement géographique. Il s'applique surtout à mettre en lumiére les grands traits de la géographie physique, cours d'eau, plaines, versants, plateaux, hautes chaines; il emploie surtout le vert et le bistre, en réservant des blancs sur les plus hautes crêtes; son planisphére, son Amérique du Nord, et surtout ses États-Unis, qui ont les mérites de ses atlas transformés dans le style mural, sont exécutés avec une grande habileté. Les autres cartes murales que présentaient les États-Unis étaient bien inférieures; les cartes particulières d'États n'avaient aucune des qualités propres aux cartes murales."

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